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LEE WEEKS & Ty Templeton

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The Champions face off against DEMON for possession of the Hellfire Crown.

DNAgents no. 10
The story of Lucius Krell's wife and Angela Krell's mother is explored in this very special issue.

MAKING ART: I was raised in a family that valued political integrity highly. Childhood memories of my mother's outrage at being asked to sign a "loyalty oath" during the McCarthy era (so she could work in a library, of all places) combined with what she had told me about life in Germany as Hitler rose to power, and i knew that fighting fascism and repression were as important to life as . . . well, as life itself.

As i grew older, i saw a curious contradiction in the area where art intersects with politics. Art (by which i mean all art – drama, literature, dance, painting, poetry and the rest) must be protected always from political repressives who would censor and destroy it because it may lead people into avenues of free thought and fellow feeling. But the politics of struggle against severe violations of human rights often casts the role of art into doubt: will singing songs really end apartheid in South Africa?

At one time i saw the polarity of art versus struggle as epitomized in the difference between two towns in California – San Francisco (where i was born) and Berkeley (where i was raised).

San Francisco, garbed in many colours – not all of them in the visible spectrum – represented the triumph of art over all . . . and it fell prey to art's lesser known nemesis, not repression but success. Berkeley, land of City Council meetings and student protests, was dangerous in its idealism: people were actually killed over trivialities such as public parks versus parking lots.

I left Berkeley when i couldn't take the tear-gassing anymore, but i didn't move to San Francisco, land of lotus-eaters. Instead i chose to "live" my politics in a quiet environment and make what art i could with my own hands. That course of action kept me busy for a decade, sewing quilts and refusing to vote for military build-ups.

The trouble was, i needed more art in my life than i could make for me. I also needed more ways to work for the betterment of life than just saying "no" to local corruption and graft.

What i needed, and what i finally sought, was involvement with the larger scale arts and entertainments as well as the world arena of human interactions.

All of which leads me to a small transcendent moment in an old rehearsal room above the cracking-plaster decay of the St. Mark's Theatre in New York City a couple of days ago.

Dean's brother Jan Mullaney, former Eclipse Publisher, was at the piano. Sitting next to him were Mary Bracken Phillips, a singer and song-writer, and David Cooper, a singer. They were running through some numbers from the musical Jan and Mary had written, called "Cradle Song." As they worked at their lines and joked over their miscues, i felt a tremendous sense of peaceful well-being. I saw very clearly the similarities between their making of a musical and my daily work toward the making of comic books.

What i saw in that moment was the vast linkage of all people who have ever made art, and especially all those whose goals included mass popular entertainment. The work behind the scenes to bring art of any kind before the public, the presentation of the piece in hope that someone who sees it will be aesthetically delighted and even emotionally moved, this is a very fine thing, that's all. It must be protected from dictators and thugs, it must be kept free from the taint of corrupt influence, and it must be open to anyone who wishes to participate.

Making art may be the best thing humans can do. It may also be one of the most political, because it insists on freedom in order to flourish. We need not condemn a governmental system for anything worse than its repression of art to demand its overthrow. Art is freedom and we shall be free.

catherine yronwode

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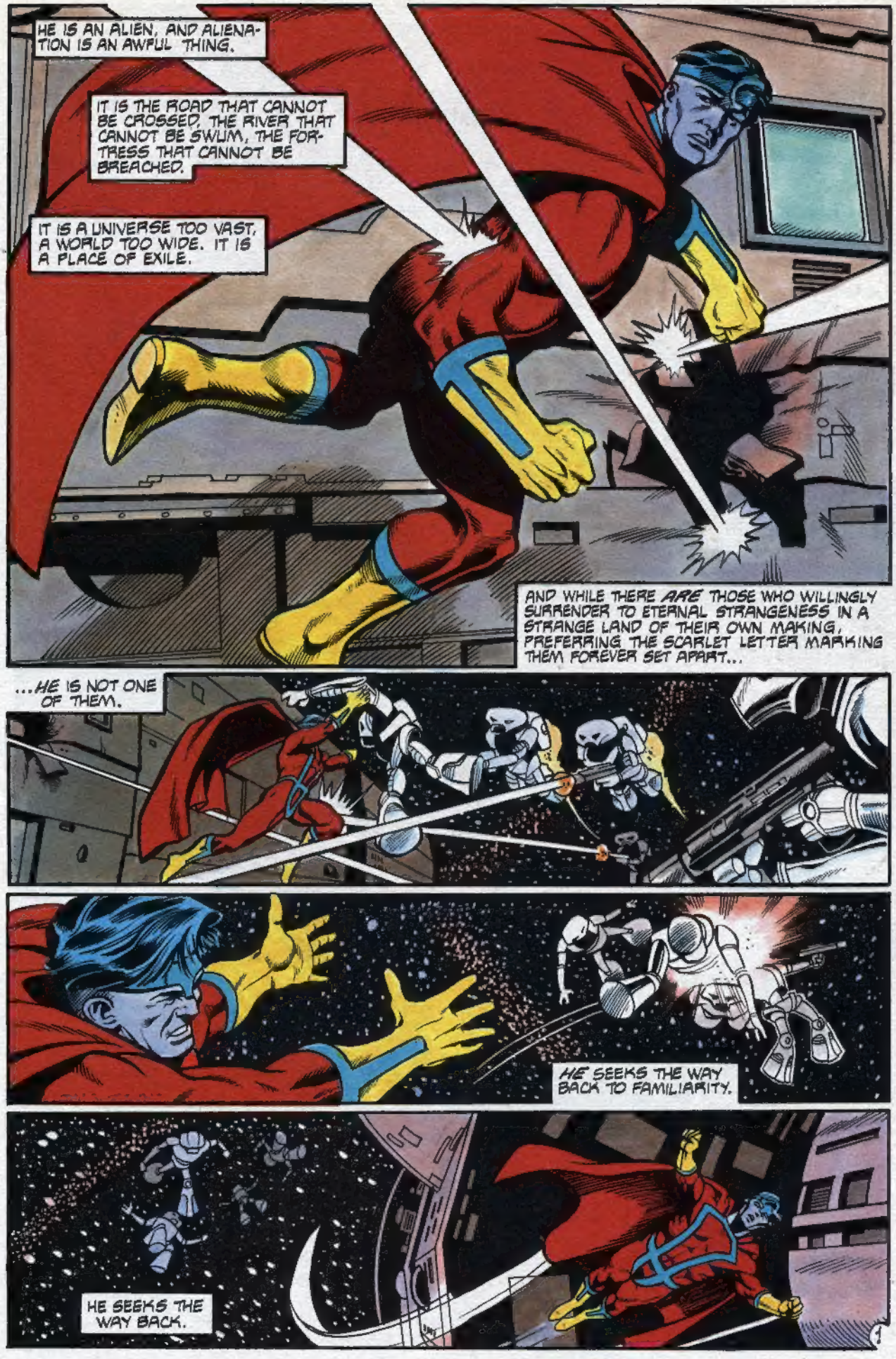

HE IS AN ALIEN, AND ALIENATION IS AN AWFUL THING.
IT IS THE ROAD THAT CANNOT BE CROSSED, THE RIVER THAT CANNOT BE SWUM, THE FORTRESS THAT CANNOT BE BREACHED.
IT IS A UNIVERSE TOO VAST, A WORLD TOO WIDE. IT IS A PLACE OF EXILE.
AND WHILE THERE *ARE* THOSE WHO WILLINGLY SURRENDER TO ETERNAL STRANGENESS IN A STRANGE LAND OF THEIR OWN MAKING, PREFERRING THE SCARLET LETTER MARKING THEM FOREVER SET APART...
...*HE* IS NOT ONE OF THEM.
HE SEEKS THE WAY BACK TO FAMILIARITY.
HE SEEKS THE WAY BACK.

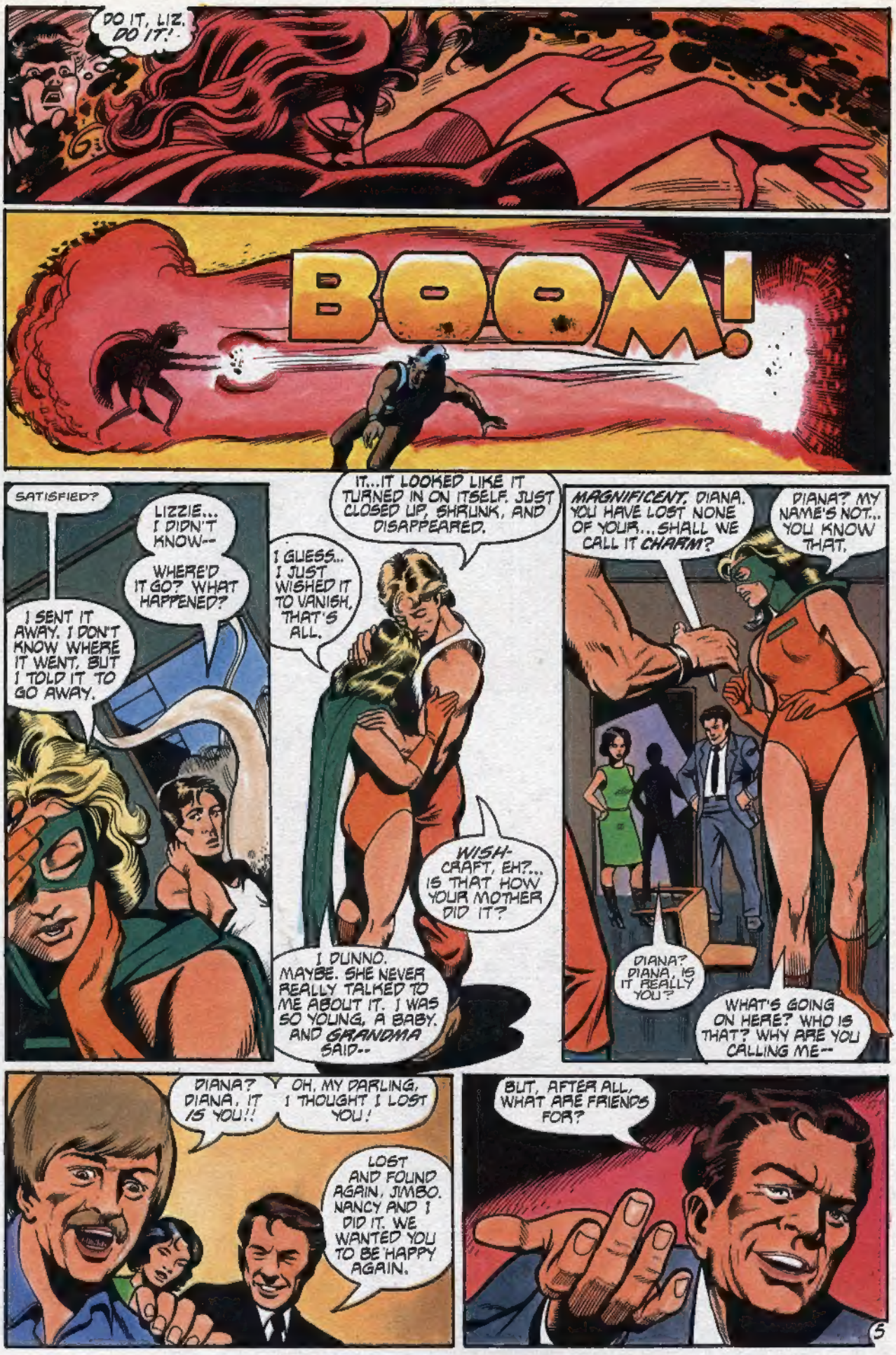
the NEW WAVE

A SPACE STATION CALLED HELL!

STORY: SEAN DEMING AND MINDY NEWELL
SCRIPT: MINDY NEWELL • PENCILLER: LEE WEEKS
INKER: TY TEMPLETON • LETTERER: C. SPIEGLE
COLORIST: SAM PARSONS EDITOR: SEAN DEMING
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAT ⊕ YRONWODE

THE PLAZA HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY--
UCCCHH, WHAT A PIG. THE DREK I COME ACROSS IN THIS JOB--
OH, WELL, NOT EVERY DAY CAN BE A THRILLING JAMES BOND ADVENTURE...
...BUT HOW COME HE GETS TO GO TO BED WITH ALL THE BEAUTIFUL SPIES? MINE ALL SEEM TO LOOK LIKE PEEWEE HERMAN.
WONDER WHAT SECRETS THIS LITTLE BABY WILL UNLOCK?
YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO ME WHEN I SAID YOU COULDN'T AFFORD ME, JACK.
NOW YOU'RE GONNA FIND OUT JUST HOW EXPENSIVE A ROLL IN THE HAY CAN BE.
'CAUSE WHEN YOUR BOSSES FIND OUT YOU'VE BEEN SELLING SECRETS TO THE COMPETITION...
...YOU WON'T HAVE A POT LEFT TO PISS IN.
SO LONG, SUCKER.
C41FK
3

BRUCE
GOD DAMN IT!
WHY DON'T YOU TRY BENDING SOME SPOONS, DANNY? THAT ALWAYS WORKED FOR URI GELLER. OR BETTER YET, DRIBBLE A BASKETBALL. THAT'S ALL YOU SEEM CAPABLE OF DOING.
SHUT UP, LIZ! AT LEAST I'M TRYING TO GET US OUT OF HERE! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING, EXCEPT FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF?
YOU'RE THE BIG SUPER-HERO, DANNY. YOU'RE THE BIG SHOW-OFF.
CRASH!
YEAH? I'M NOT THE ONE PLAYING DRESS-UP IN HER MOMMY'S CLOTHES!
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE AS A CABBAGE PATCH DOLL, BARKIN?
YOU DON'T HAVE ENOUGH GUTS!
DARE ME! GO AHEAD! DOUBLE DARE ME!
I'LL DARE YOU TO USE YOUR POWER, ELIZABETH! GO AHEAD, SHOW OFF! BUST THAT DOOR DOWN. GO AHEAD. DO IT!
I THINK YOU'RE CHICKEN!
YOU THINK I CAN'T, DON'T YOU?
YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT MY POWER! IT KILLED MY MOTHER! IT TOOK HER AWAY FROM ME!
YOUR MOTHER KNEW WHAT HER RESPONSIBILITIES WERE! THAT'S MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR HER DAUGHTER!
YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THAT CRACK.
4.


DO IT, LIZ. DO IT!
BOOM!
SATISFIED?
LIZZIE... I DIDN'T KNOW--
WHERE'D IT GO? WHAT HAPPENED?
I SENT IT AWAY. I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT WENT, BUT I TOLD IT TO GO AWAY.
IT...IT LOOKED LIKE IT TURNED IN ON ITSELF. JUST CLOSED UP, SHRUNK, AND DISAPPEARED.
I GUESS... I JUST WISHED IT TO VANISH, THAT'S ALL.
WISH-CRAFT, EH?... IS THAT HOW YOUR MOTHER DID IT?
I DUNNO. MAYBE. SHE NEVER REALLY TALKED TO ME ABOUT IT. I WAS SO YOUNG, A BABY. AND GRANDMA SAID--
MAGNIFICENT, DIANA. YOU HAVE LOST NONE OF YOUR... SHALL WE CALL IT CHARM?
DIANA? MY NAME'S NOT... YOU KNOW THAT.
DIANA? DIANA, IS IT REALLY YOU?
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHO IS THAT? WHY ARE YOU CALLING ME--
DIANA? DIANA, IT IS YOU!!
OH, MY DARLING, I THOUGHT I LOST YOU!
LOST AND FOUND AGAIN, JIMBO. NANCY AND I DID IT. WE WANTED YOU TO BE HAPPY AGAIN.
BUT, AFTER ALL, WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?
5

NEW YORK--
THERE'S A LITTLE BONUS IN THERE FOR YOU, DOROTHY. AN APPRECIATION. A LITTLE FRIENDLY PAT ON THE BACK.
DON'T CALL ME DOROTHY, SAM.
WHY NOT? WE'RE FRIENDS, AREN'T WE?
WRONG. WE'RE BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCES.
SO WE ARE. HOW ABOUT THE VEAL PICCATA? AND SOME WHITE WINE?
I DON'T DRINK.
OH, YES. I FORGOT. PERRIER WITH A TWIST, THEN?
WHY, SAM?
WHY WHAT?...WE'LL HAVE THE VEAL PICCATA, HALF A CARAFE OF THE HOUSE'S FINEST, AND A PERRIER FOR THE LADY...
SORRY. YOU WERE SAYING?
YOU HAVE ANOTHER ARRANGEMENT FOR ME, OBVIOUSLY. BUT WHY THIS WAY? WHY NOT THE USUAL METHOD? WHY NOT THE PHONE?
PRETTY LADY OVER THERE...TOO DANGEROUS THIS TIME. NEVER KNOW WHO MIGHT BE LISTENING IN.
COME OFF IT, YOU'RE THE GUYS WHO DO THE TAPPING!
DOROTHY, THAT'S ILLEGAL.
HAH!
BE THAT AS IT MAY...ARE YOU AWARE OF PROJECT: TOUCH?
AM I SUPPOSED TO BE?
NO.
BUT I WILL BE. IS THAT IT?
SMART GIRL... WE'RE HAVING A PROBLEM.
PLEASE, SAM, NOT ANOTHER PEEWEE HERMAN.
NO. THIS JOB CALLS UPON ANOTHER UNIQUE TALENT OF YOURS...
...DOT.
6

HE HAS BEEN WANDERING FOR HOURS.
SEARCHING FOR THE ONE HE WANTS.
NO!
HUH? LET GO! I HAD HIM IN MY SIGHTS!
SORRY, BUT ORDERS ARE TO LET HIM BE. NO ONE IS TO DISTURB HIM. NO ONE IS TO ATTEMPT TO STOP HIM.
HAS PASTERNAK GONE CRAZY? YOU KNOW WHAT HE DID TO THE LAB? THAT THING IS DANGEROUS.
SO IS THE BOSS WHEN HE'S DOUBLE-CROSSED.
I HOPE PASTERNAK KNOW'S WHAT HE'S DOING.
HE KNOWS HE WILL FIND HIM. THIS PLACE IS BIG, BUT IT IS NOT ENDLESS.
THERE WILL BE AN ENDING TO THIS JOURNEY.
THERE MUST BE.
Jaamesss.
JAMES.
COME IN, COME IN, BIG FELLA! JAMES ISN'T HERE RIGHT NOW, BUT I'M SURE WE CAN HELP YOU.

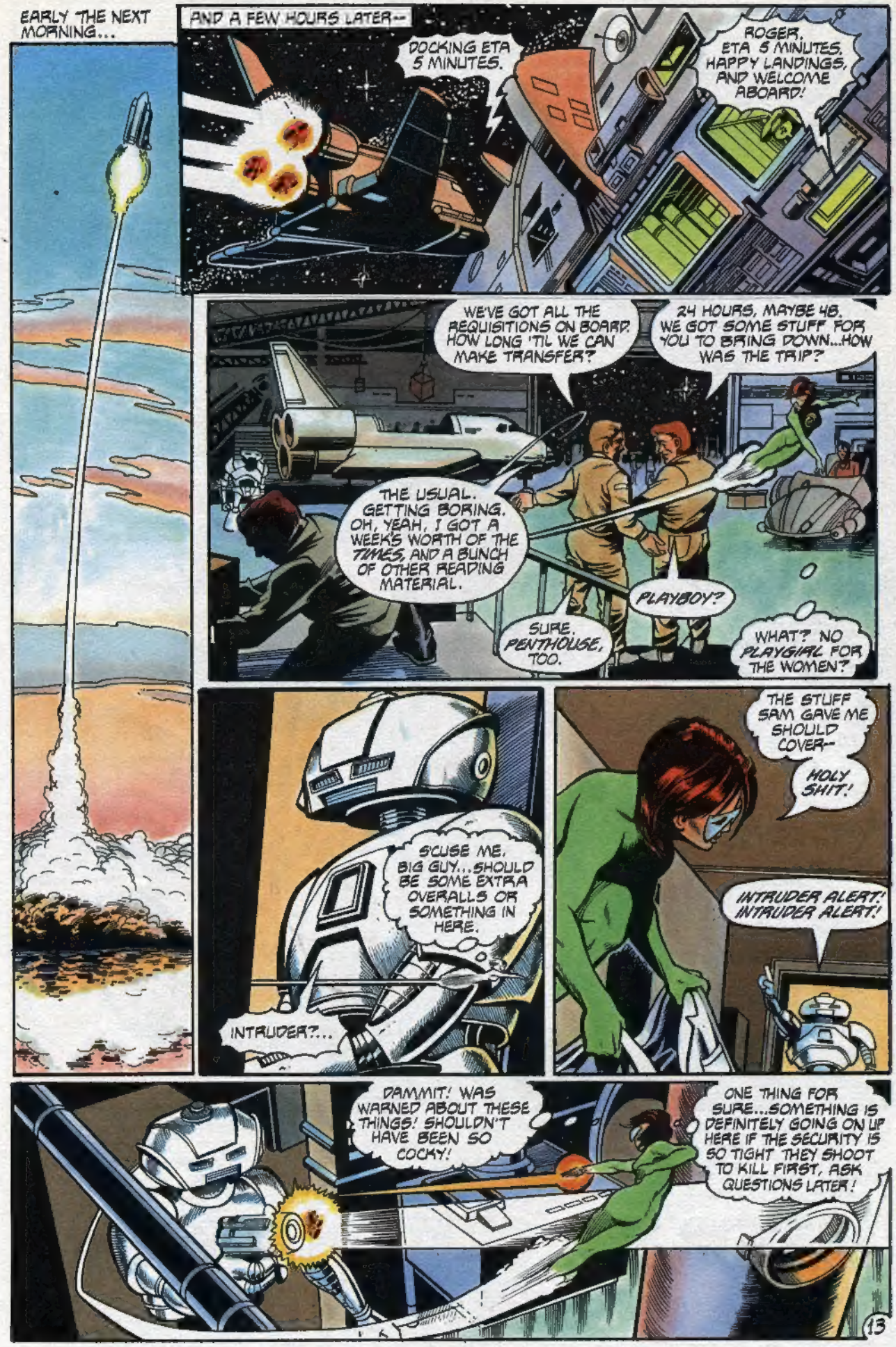
JAMES.
YOU REMEMBER US, DON'T YOU? I'M CLIFF AND THIS IS NANCY. WE WERE IN THE LAB WITH YOU. REMEMBER?
CAREFUL, CLIFF. HE MIGHT ALSO REMEMBER WE WEREN'T EXACTLY FRIENDLY.
I'M IN CONTROL OF THE SITUATION, NANCY.
NO NEED TO BE AFRAID, OLD BOY. FORGET ABOUT THE LAB. NO HARD FEELINGS. WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME THING MYSELF.
MAYBE I SHOULD CALL FOR HELP?
JAMES.
WHAT GOOD WOULD THAT DO? THE ROBOTS HAVEN'T STOPPED HIM YET.
CLIFF AND NANCY ARE GOING TO HELP YOU. UNDERSTAND? HELP YOU.
JAMES!
WHACK-K-K
NICE GOING, BOSS. HOW YOU GOING TO EXPLAIN TO JIMBO THAT HIS HALLUCINATION WASN'T A HALLUCINATION?
JAMES!!
LET ME HANDLE IT, OKAY, NANCY? JUST LET ME HANDLE IT.
OH, WITH PLEASURE, CLIFFIE. WITH PLEASURE!
8

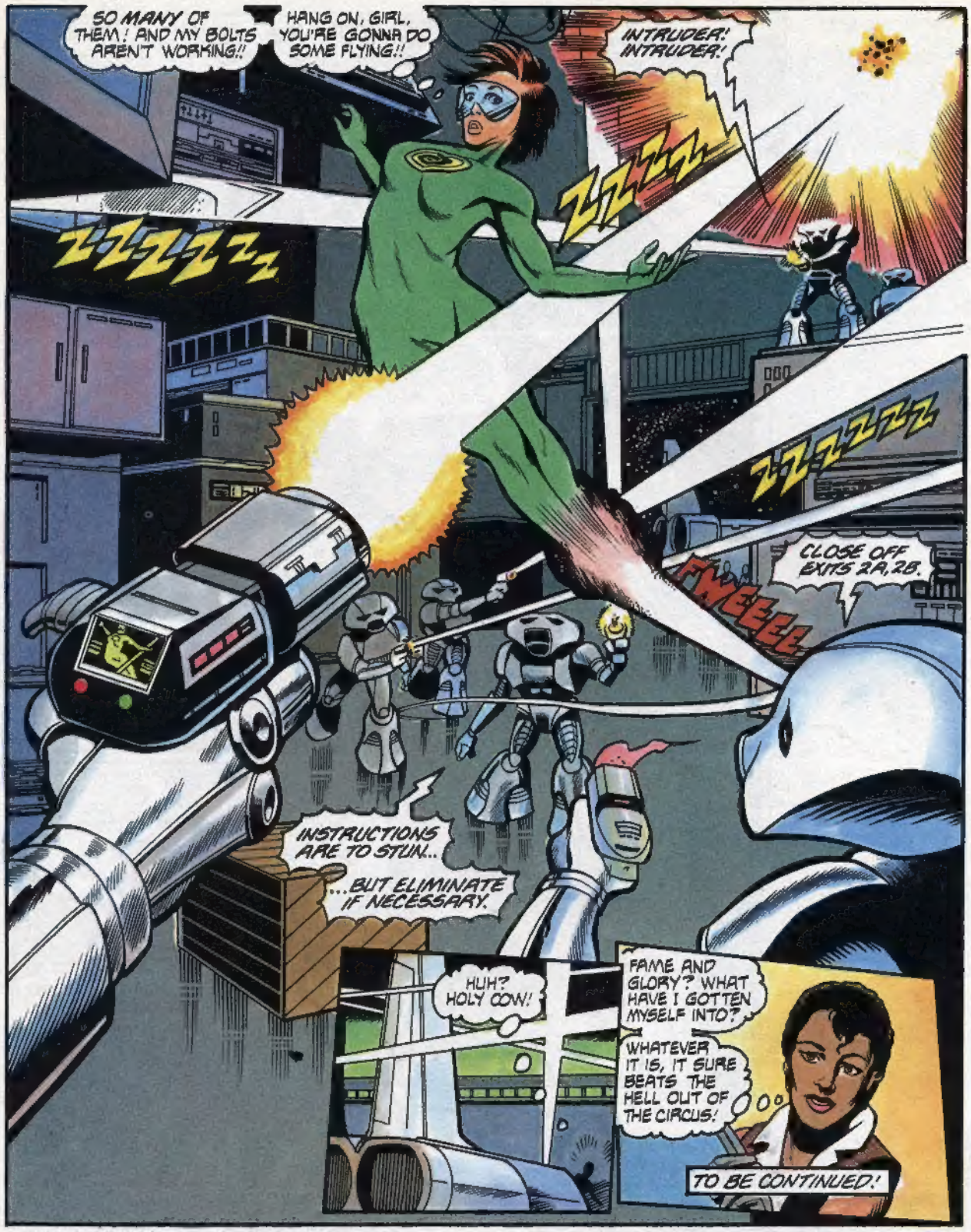
SOMETHING'S WRONG.
CLIFF TELLS ME DIANA IS HERE, BRINGS ME TO HER, AND THEN WON'T LET ME GET CLOSE TO HER. AND NANCY IS ACTING SO STRANGE.
I KEEP THINKING SHE WANTS TO TELL ME SOMETHING, BUT EVERY TIME I APPROACH HER, SHE FREEZES UP, TELLS ME I'M IMAGINING THINGS, STILL FEELING THE EFFECTS OF THE SLEEP THERAPY.
HOW CAN IT BE HER?
IF ONLY I HAD SPOKEN TO HER. BUT WHAT WOULD SHE HAVE SAID?..."SORRY, JIMBO, BUT THE RUMORS OF MY DEATH WERE GREATLY EXAGGERATED"?...
US OUT OF VIETNAM
WHY WOULD SHE COME BACK NOW, ANYWAY? THOSE DAYS ARE LONG SINCE GONE, DEAD AND BURIED ALONG WITH JOHN AND MARTIN AND BOBBY AND JOHN.
AH, WHAT THE HELL? THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD, RIGHT, BABE?
HERE'S TO US.
BZZZZ
CARE TO JOIN ME IN A DRINK TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS, CLIFF? YOU AND ME AND DIANE...CLIFFIE EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THOSE TIMES, NANCE? IT WAS BEFORE WE MET YOU AT STANFORD--
YOU EVER TAKE THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST, NANCE? WE DID, RIGHT, CLIFFIE? WE WERE GONNA CHANGE THE WORLD. WE WERE GONNA HIT IT WHERE IT HURT. SOCKITTOMESOCKITTOME-SOCKITTOMESOCKITTO-MESOCKITTOME--
YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH, JAMES.
DIANA IS SAFE, JAMES. YOU DIDN'T HALLUCINATE HER.
JAMES?
SORRY, NANCE. YOU WANT SOME? GLASSES ARE ABOVE THE SINK-
WHERE'S DIANA, CLIFF? OR DID I HALLUCINATE HER, TOO? HOW COME SHE'S NOT WITH--
YOU DIDN'T HALLUCINATE ANY OF IT. WE ARE GOING TO CHANGE THE WORLD.
9

"YOU'RE CRAZY!"
DRINK UP, JAMES, OLD BLOODY. WE HAVE A LOT OF WORK TO DO."
I DON'T GET IT. THAT GUY SHOULD HAVE BEEN QUAKING IN HIS BOOTS AFTER WHAT YOU DID TO THE DOOR, BUT ALL HE DID WAS LAUGH AND THANK YOU.
WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH US? HOW'D HE GET YOUR MOTHER'S COSTUME? HOW'D HE KNOW HER NAME?
AND WHO WAS THAT GUY HE SHOVED AWAY? HE ACTED LIKE HE KNEW YOUR MOTHER, TOO.
GOD, DANNY, I DON'T KNOW! STOP ASKING ME ALL THESE QUESTIONS! YOU HAVEN'T STOPPED SINCE THOSE ROBOTS DRAGGED US IN HERE!
I CAN'T HELP IT! I'M SCARED, ALL RIGHT? AND WHEN I GET SCARED, I BABBLE! SO SUE ME!... CAN'T YOU USE SOME HOCUS-POCUS AGAIN, GET US OUT OF HERE?
YOU'RE SCARED! YOU??!
OWWW!!
WHAACK
DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE JUST HERE 'CAUSE YOU TRIED TO STOP THEM FROM TAKING ME?! I'M THE ONE THEY WANT, DANNY! ME!!
JESUS, WHY'D YOU HIT ME LIKE THAT?
'CAUSE YOU'RE DENSE, THAT'S WHY! 'CAUSE I GOT TIRED OF YOUR BABBLING AND THOUGHT IT WOULD MAKE YOU SHUT UP!
I'M JUST TRYING TO GET MY THOUGHTS TOGETHER. I'M SORRY I CAN'T PLAY MR. MACHO FOR YOU, BUT I THOUGHT WE WERE BETTER FRIENDS THAN THAT!
WE ARE...I'M SORRY, DAN.. LOOK WHAT I DID TO YOUR FACE...
NEVER MIND.. WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS, LIZZIE. I PROMISE.
MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE DONE SOMETHING. BUT IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST...AND YOU WENT ALONG QUIETLY, TOO, YOU KNOW.
YEAH. WELL... I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHAT YOU HAVE AGAINST SUPER-HEROING. PEOPLE CAN GET SERIOUSLY HURT.
IT'S NOT LIKE IN THE MOVIES, IS IT?
.F ONLY IT WERE, BABE. IF ONLY IT WERE.
10

COCOA BEACH, FLORIDA --
THE CIRCUS IS IN TOWN...
--AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE INTRODUCE POLESTAR, MISTRESS OF THE VAULT, AS SHE DEFIES DEATH, ATTEMPTING A QUADRUPLE SOMERSAULT IN MID-AIR WHILE PASSING THROUGH FOUR FLAMING CIRCLES AFTER LAUNCHING HERSELF 19 FEET INTO THE AIR OVER THE STRUTS YOU SEE IN THE CENTER OF THE CIRCLE---
MAY WE HAVE IT QUIET, PLEASE--AND A DRUMROLL---
BUDDABUDDA
BUDDABUDDA
BUDDABUDDABUDDA
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
SHOW'S RUNNING OVER. GONNA BE LATE.
--AND A BIG ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR POLESTAR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!

CAPE CANAVERAL, A FEW MILES AWAY FROM COCOA BEACH--
NOW THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!
"IN NEED OF MY UNIQUE TALENTS", INDEED! THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THIS JOB... TRAVEL, EXCITEMENT, A CHANCE TO SEE THE WORLD...
...FROM 23,000 MILES UP!
WONDER IF THESE SPACE-JOCKEYS ACTUALLY KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE AT THE SPACE-STATION, OR IF THEY EVEN KNOW ABOUT PROJECT: TORCH.
"WORKABLE INTERSTELLAR FLIGHT"... GUESS ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE...GOVERNMENT SURE SEEMS CONCERNED, THOUGH...
"JUST A LITTLE RECONNAISSANCE, DOT. MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS KOSHER UP THERE"... ASK ME, THEY KNOW MORE THAN THEY'RE TELLING...THEY MUST HAVE THEIR SUSPICIONS ...WHAT'S THAT?
GIGGLE
HAH! THE "MILE-HIGH" CLUB STRIKES AGAIN!
MAYBE...BUT FOR THIS CIRCUS STAR...
...FAME AND GLORY...FAME AND GLORY...
FLY ME TO THE MOON, RICH?
WELL, MAYBE JUST TO THE STATION, MORGAN.
SERIOUSLY?
NO WAY! I'D BE GROUNDED!
12


EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...
AND A FEW HOURS LATER--
DOCKING ETA 5 MINUTES.
ROGER, ETA 5 MINUTES, HAPPY LANDINGS, AND WELCOME ABOARD!
WE'VE GOT ALL THE REQUISITIONS ON BOARD. HOW LONG 'TIL WE CAN MAKE TRANSFER?
24 HOURS, MAYBE 48. WE GOT SOME STUFF FOR YOU TO BRING DOWN...HOW WAS THE TRIP?
THE USUAL. GETTING BORING. OH, YEAH, I GOT A WEEK'S WORTH OF THE TIMES, AND A BUNCH OF OTHER READING MATERIAL.
PLAYBOY?
SURE. PENTHOUSE, TOO.
WHAT? NO PLAYGIRL FOR THE WOMEN?
S'CUSE ME, BIG GUY...SHOULD BE SOME EXTRA OVERALLS OR SOMETHING IN HERE.
INTRUDER?...
THE STUFF SAM GAVE ME SHOULD COVER--
HOLY SHIT!
INTRUDER ALERT! INTRUDER ALERT!
DAMMIT! WAS WARNED ABOUT THESE THINGS! SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO COCKY!
ONE THING FOR SURE...SOMETHING IS DEFINITELY GOING ON UP HERE IF THE SECURITY IS SO TIGHT THEY SHOOT TO KILL FIRST, ASK QUESTIONS LATER!



NEXT ISSUE: FOUR MEMBERS OF THE NEW WAVE NOW ARE ON BOARD THE SPACE STATION... BUT YOU CAN'T EXACTLY CALL THEM A TEAM YET, CAN YOU? WILL NANCY HAVE A CHANGE OF HEART? WILL JAMES BE FORCED TO GO ALONG WITH CLIFF'S PLANS FOR WORLD DOMINATION? AND HOW MUCH DOES THE GOVERNMENT KNOW ABOUT THE CORPORATION, ANYWAY? BE HERE NEXT TIME FOR MORE EXCITEMENT IN.....

"STOP THE STATION, I WANT TO GET OFF!"

--MINDY